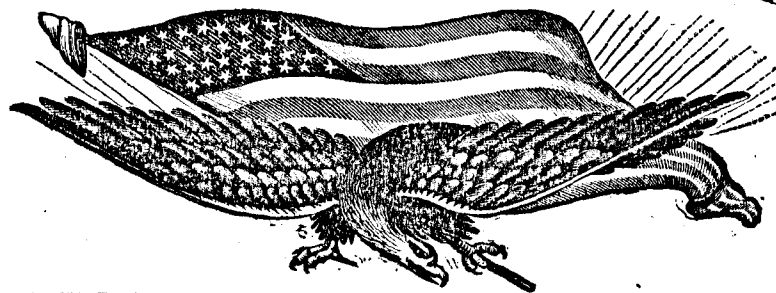


NATIONAL DEAF MUTE GAZETTE.



A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR ALL.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS, JUNE, 1868.

Whole No. 18.

THE

National Deaf Mute Gazette

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PHILO W. PACKARD, Editor and Proprietor,
(SUCCESSOR TO PACKARD AND HOLMES.)

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ANATOLE.

Chap. VII.

Monsieur d'Emerange withdrew convinced of the impression which his last words would produce upon Valentine, but regretting the precipitancy which had betrayed that which she had made upon him, and in order to repair, as far as possible, so grave a fault, he resolved to pass two entire days without seeing the ladies. By this means, he would prove to Madame de Saverny that his happiness was not entirely dependent on her and to Madame de Nangis that he would never give her the liberty of offending him with impunity.

Only the latter design was successful, for Valentine had not entertained the slightest idea of seriously regarding the furtive declaration of the chevalier, but considering it as among the gallant words

which he could whisper so gracefully, she preserved no farther recollection of it.

Madame de Nangis, however, was far from sharing this indifference. The slightest word from the chevalier had power to disturb her feelings. Everything from him either flattered or wounded her, and on this occasion his absence appeared an insult. He must know that she would be out of spirits the next day after this scene and he did not even send to enquire after her health. This conduct had the effect of producing real indisposition, and when M. de Nangis came the next day to urge her to keep the engagement she had made to dine with an aged relative she required all her resolution to enable her to fulfil a duty so wearisome.

Valentine, seeing that she was suffering paid the most affectionate attentions and offered to accompany her. Setting out early in order to conform to the ancient customs of the *president de C*—they soon arrived in the court of the most gothic and most dismal hotel in Paris. An aged lackey, stationed at the foot of a grand staircase, gave signal of the countess' arrival, and immediately a number of infirm servitors hastened with difficulty, to throw open a great number of doors. The guests already assembled around the chair of the *president* presented an imposing spectacle, resembling a family party from which the younger members had been excluded. Valentine was received by this venerable circle with all the ceremony of a presentation. The *president* treated her with the consideration merited, in her esteem, by the widow of an aged gentleman and contented herself with speaking to Madame de Nangis in the kindly manner one uses toward a child. It must be acknowledged that she indulged in the ill humor of a child. As she made no effort to conceal her *ennui* it was easy to perceive that the pleasure of seeing her was owing only to her deference to the will of her husband and no one felt gratified by a sacrifice so ungraciously made.

Valentine, gifted with a better spirit, could take an interest in every one. Amused by the gayety and even the folly which enlivened the conversation of the younger, she was interested by that of the wise and instructed by the aged.

In completing her education M. de Saverny had taught her that politeness which consists even more in listening with interest than in replying with kindness. He had forgotten nothing that could add to the charm of Valentine's excellent qualities, and his greatest regret in dying was that he was ignorant to what happy mortal he bequeathed

ed a woman so lovely.

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he could hear and speak perfectly well. The natives of the village of St. Briac, I am told, are ready to prove the truth of the story.

CXC. THE ASSASSINS OF THE INN.

Not far from Mount Pleasant in Kanawha Co., West Virginia, there is a tavern called the Franklin Hotel, the proprietor of which has two deaf and dumb daughters, both sprightly, intelligent and interesting. They wait on the table and, of course, they often carry on animated conversations, especially with each other and members of the family. They are both graduates of the Virginia Institution. One night, two foot travelers stopped at the hotel for the night. As they were eating their supper, they were so much frightened by seeing the silent girls talking by signs that they feared they were to be murdered during the night. After supper they were shown to a room, in which was a good fire and bed for their accomodation. The kind host, on entering the room in the morning found that the bed had not been occupied and that his guests had flown. He, however, found on the table money for their supper, and a note stating that in consequence of the signs made at the supper table by the young ladies they did not think it safe to go to bed, and therefore paid the bill and took their departure.

CXCI. DARING ACT OF A RAIL ROAD ENGINEER.

A deaf and dumb man named Lane met with a thrilling adventure, and narrowly escaped losing his life on the New Albany and Salem Railroad, a short distance from Linden, Indiana. He was walking on the track which he should never have done, when the passenger train came along, and the noble hearted engineer observing that he paid no heed to the warning whistle of the locomotive shut down the brakes, but finding it would be impossible to check the speed of the train before striking him, he ran forward, and standing on the cow-catcher, reached out his herculean arm just in time to save him. The imminent danger of the brave engineer was greatly augmented by the fact that the deaf and dumb man had an axe upon his shoulder, from which he might have received serious injury. Lane was not a little astonished at the unceremonious manner in which he had been picked up and without comprehending his narrow escape, struggled in the arms of his deliverer to the great danger of both. The train, however, soon came to a halt, and the poor fellow by signs and gestures, more eloquent than words, testified his gratitude for the deliverance. He was the same man who was knocked into a ditch by a passing train one year before very near the same spot where his brother, also deaf and dumb has been run over and horribly mangled the previous year.

CXCII. AN AFFECTING SIGHT.

In the western part of Penn., a man was hung for murdering his wife. Previous to his execution, he took an affecting leave of his children, among whom was a very intelligent deaf mute boy who seemed to feel most keenly his father's position. He appeared overwhelmed with grief during the entire interview, and long after he left the jail, continued to weep bitterly.

CXCH. REV. N. P. WALKER.

He was principal of the South Carolina Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, located at Cedar Springs. While he was walking over the new building which was being built at that place for the institution, he accidentally lost his footing, fell and received a number of severe bruises. Fortunately, no bones were broken, but in some weeks he had so far recovered as to be able to engage again in those duties which had made his health and welfare a matter of solicitude to the unfortunate class to whom he had devoted his life. I regret

to announce his death which occurred during the late war. He was one of the most polite gentleman I ever met with.

CXCIV. ROMAN MUTE ACTOR.

In Rome, a philosopher was so much struck with the performance of a mute actor whose name, I fear, has been buried in oblivion for ever, that he exclaimed, "I understand you; your hands speak."

CXCV. DEAF MUTE BIBLE CLASS.

In the sabbath school of the Congregational church at Bridgeport, Conn., a young lady has collected together a class of eight deaf mutes, and is communicating to them the principles of the gospel by means of signs which she has learned herself.

CXCVI. SUDDEN RESTORATION OF HEARING AND SPEECH.

A deaf mute named Joseph Wheeler acquired those precious senses, hearing and speech through the means of an accident. During the firing of a salute in front of Jackson Square, New Orleans, he went up very near the mouth of the cannon, and before those who were standing around, could interfere to take him away, the cannon was fired off, and the concussion was so strong that it knocked him down, throwing him fifteen feet. He was picked up insensible and taken to a house hard by where some water was sprinkled on his face. To the utter surprise and astonishment of all around, as soon as he opened his eyes, he spoke as fluently as any body, and heard and answered all questions put to him.

CXCVII. EFFECT OF FRIGHT.

An Irish girl who was looking at a mill when it fell, was so completely paralyzed, that she lost the power of speech, and afterwards did not utter a word, though she attended to her work regularly.

CXCVIII. THE JAPANESE AND THE DEAF AND DUMB.

In 1860, after the Japanese commissioners had left Washington city for Baltimore, the train increased in speed, and on passing in sight of the Columbia Institution, the inmates appeared on the heights, cheering loudly and waving flags with great glee. The Japanese looked out and appeared to appreciate the compliment from them.

CXCIX. A DEAF AND DUMB SPY.

A highly educated deaf mute lady whose name I will not divulge, was confined in Fort McHenry as a spy. During her confinement which lasted about one year, she was kindly and politely treated by the Federal officers, stationed there on account of her fine accomplishments, as a poetess and artist. Her arrest was caused by her attempt to take a coffin full of percussion caps through the lines to Richmond, alleging that the dead body of her brother was in it. Suspicion being excited, the coffin was opened and the lady incarcerated. It was afterwards found that she had acted as a spy between the pickets of the two armies. She was closely confined in her room during the day, with the exception of a walk on the balcony before her room. She was also permitted to take a stroll around the ramparts for one hour daily, with the officer of the day.

CC. DEAF-MUTE OPERATOR.

Not long ago, there was a deaf and dumb girl employed in a London telegraph office where her progress was so satisfactory that there was every probability of her making a good operator.

CCI. EAPPO AND COOK'S REMAINS.

Eappo, dressed in a long feathered cloak with deep solemnity on his person, mounted on a rock from which he saw an English ship riding at anchor, and made signs for a boat. He delivered to the captain some of Cook's bones wrapped up in a large quantity of fine

new cloth and covered with a spotted cloak of black and white feathers. Capt. Cook is known by name and reputation as one of the greatest English captains.

CCII. THE BLIND, DEAF AND DUMB AT A THEATRE.

Some years ago, during the engagement of Mr. Forrest, and one of the performances of *Macbeth*, two men were sitting together in one of the Boston theatres, whose peculiar conduct was such as to attract attention. One was blind, and the other was not only deaf but dumb. Both, however, understood the "language of signs." It was interesting to observe the dummy communication, by means of a pressure of the hand, a description of the scenery and the situation of the actors, to his companion; and then, again, to notice the blind man translate, upon the back of his dear friend's hand, passages of the tragedy.

CCIII. GENOA INSTITUTION.

Toward the close of the last century, Assaroti established a deaf and dumb institution at Genoa by his own benevolent efforts, and formed a system of instruction, based upon that in Sicard's works, but succeeded in making important improvements, which entitled him to be considered one of the best teachers of the deaf and dumb. The school is still in operation, and is, I am told, very beautifully situated. An American traveller who visited the school not long ago, says that he is very much pleased with the architecture of the buildings.

CCIV. EUROPEAN INSTITUTIONS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

There are about one hundred and twenty six establishments for deaf mutes in Europe, of which England has six, Scotland six, Ireland two, Portugal one, Spain three, France twenty-eight, Italy seven, Switzerland five, Baden three, Wirtemberg four, Bavaria eight, Austria six, Prussia eighteen, Saxony four, Saxe Weimer one, Nassau one, Hanover one, Brunswick one, Oldenburg one, Frankfort one, Hamburg one, Bremen one, Belgium one, and Holland five, Zippe Schauenburg one, Denmark two, Sweden and Norway one, Russia two, and Poland one. About seventy-five of these have been established within the last sixty years. Fortunately a few of them are conducted on the system of Heinicke and Braidwood. The rest, including several in Great Britain adopt the fundamental principles of De l'Épée and Sicard on whose system the American Institutions are successfully conducted, except a new one at Northampton, (Mass.) where the result of the attempt of teaching articulation will soon be known.

CCV. DR. GALLAUDET AND THE DYING SHOEMAKER.

In Hartford, Dr. Gallaudet was one day sent for to see a shoemaker who was lying at the point of death. He went to see him in company with Prof. Bartlett, a very able teacher of the American Asylum. The shoemaker was seen making signs while dying.

CCVI. SENSIBILITY OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Some years ago, a lady, who had been a missionary at the Sandwich Islands for some years, visited the New York Institution where she was invited to one of the deaf mute classes, the teacher of which class entertained her kindly. When the teacher conveyed to his pupils the thought that at the Sandwich Islands, when the lady went there, the poor natives had no Bibles, one of the pupils, a lad of twelve stepped to his desk and, taking out his Bible, held it up in hand with a smile of joyous gratitude that he, though speech and hearing were denied him, was more blessed than they. What an affecting sight it must have been to the lady!

CCVII. DE L'ÉPÉE.

The inauguration of the statue of the Abbe de l'Épée at Versailles took place on the 3d of Oct. 1843. He devoted his fortune and life to the instruction of his pupils, and gratuitously communicated his system to all who would learn it in order to qualify themselves to be teachers. Dr. Gallaudet learned it under his successor Sicard free of charge, and introduced it into this country.

CCVIII. SUICIDE.

A deaf mute, in a fit of derangement, committed suicide by blowing out his brains in Oneida Co., N. Y. He was an inoffensive and industrious man, and is believed to have been educated at the New York Inst.

CCIX. DEAF MUTE IDIOTS.

An American traveller visited the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Berlin, Prussia, where he found a class of twelve deaf mute idiots, some account of which he gives. Some of these unfortunate beings, when they came to the Institution, were in the lowest state of mental weakness and imbecility. Some of them could neither walk nor help themselves in the least degree; in one or two instances they could not even put food into their mouths and attend to the most common necessities of nature. But after a regular period of instruction they were all able to talk, some were beginning to write and draw, and others to sew. Several could engage in sports like other children. They could walk and take much care of themselves. Their personal appearance was clean, neat, and their countenances were cheerful. The traveller had reason to believe that they would make still further progress and at last be restored to themselves and also to society.

CCX. MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

They are trying to teach the deaf and dumb articulation at Northampton. This class are getting prepared for a representation in Congress.

CCXI. DR. ACKERLY.

The readers of the Gazette may not know anything about this physician. He was, I believe, the originator of the New York Institution for the deaf and dumb over which Prof. Isaac L. Peet so ably presides. He had a large share in getting up the school for the Blind. He was also conspicuous in many benevolent enterprises till his bad health compelled him to retire to private life and afterwards settled on a farm at Staten Island where he was greatly interested in agriculture till his death which occurred in July, 1845. Prof. Peet has been truly providentially placed in his new position, his life having been spared when he met with a dreadful accident on the Erie Rail road. It was God who knew that his venerable father's place must be filled by him.

CCXII. SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

There are about 1200 deaf and dumb persons in these cold countries, almost all of whom are in a destitute condition.

CCXIII. A GREAT ELM.

In the yard of the Paris Deaf and Dumb Institution is an enormous elm about 270 years of age and ninety feet in height which was planted during the reign of Henry IV. It is considered the finest tree in the neighborhood of Paris. It shows no signs of age. The venerable Laurent Clerc used to play under it.

☞ Queen Victoria has over thirty tons of silver and gold plate.

☞ Jerusalem has a population of twenty-two thousand inhabitants.

Translated from French for the Gazette.

A DUEL IN A BALLOON.

An affair of this nature took place on the occasion of the last ascent but one of the celebrated and lucky aeronaut Mons. Godard. Mons. Godard took with him on that day, as his *compagnon du voyage*, a wealthy private gentleman, who paid one thousand francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of the expedition. The weather could not have been more propitious, and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude. "What effect does that produce upon you?" asked Mon. Godard of his companion. Nothing said the latter, laconically.

My compliments to you, said Mons. Godard. You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude without betraying some emotion.

Keep on mounting said the traveler, with a gravity supreme.

Mons. Godard threw out his ballast, and the balloon ascended some 500 feet higher. And now, added Mons. Godard, does your heart beat? Nothing yet, replied his companion, with an air which approached closely to impatience.

The deuce, exclaimed Mon. Godard; you have really, my dear sir, the most perfect qualification to be an aeronaut.

The balloon still ascended; when 1000 feet higher, Mons Godard interrogated a third time his companion—and now? Nothing, nothing, not the shadow of a fear whatever! answered the traveler, with a tone positively disappointed, and like a man who has experienced a profound deception.

Goodness me! so much the worse then, said the aeronaut, smiling; but I must renounce all hopes of making you afraid.

The balloon is high enough. We are going to descend. To descend! Certainly; there would be danger in mounting higher. That does not make the slightest difference to me; I do not choose to descend.

You, what? asked Mons. Godard. I say I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given one thousand francs in order to experience some emotion: I must do so, and will not descend before I have felt some emotion.

Mons. Godard commenced to laugh; he believed at once that it was all a joke.

Will you ascend, once more? demanded the traveler, seizing him by the throat and shaking him with violence; when shall I feel some emotion?

Mons. Godard relates that at this moment he felt himself lost. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him in regarding the strangely dilated eyes of his *compagnon du voyage*: he had to do with a madman.

To try to make a maniac listen to reason,

To ask for help amidst the clouds!

If even the unfortunate aeronaut had had any defensive weapon, he could after all have been capable of defending himself; but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not think of meeting with a warlike encounter in the stars. The earth was 5000 feet beneath—most horrible depth; and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to capsize. Mons. Godard with the presence of mind acquired by him in so many daring aerial expeditions made all these reflections in the space of a second.

Ah! Ah! you are mocking me, my fine fellow, continued the madman, without loosening his grip. Ah! you think to rob me of one thousand francs as well as my emotion. Very well be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. It's you now who are going to cut up a caper.

The madman was possessed of prodigious muscular force. Mons. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself. What do you wish from me? asked he, with a calm tone and submissive air.

Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a summersault answered the madman, with a ferocious smile. But first, (the madman appeared to be thinking himself) I have my idea. I wish to see if I can't find some emotion up there—I must put myself astride on the semi-circle.

The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon. Just in speaking, he commenced to climb along the cords which held the car attached to the balloon, Mons. Godard who had not before trembled for himself, was forced to do so now for the madman.

But, miserable man, you are going to kill yourself; you will be seized with vertigo.

No remarks, hissed the madman, seizing him again by the collar, or I will pitch you into the abyss.

At least, observed Mons. Godard, allow me to put this cord, around your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon. Be it so, said the madman, who appeared to comprehend the utility of the precaution. This done, furnished with his cord of safety, the madman commenced to climb among the ropes with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the balloon, and placed himself astride the semi-circle, as he had said.—Once there, he rent the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket.

What are you going to do? asked Mons. Godard, who feared that he might have the idea of ripping open the balloon. To make myself comfortable forthwith. Uttering these words, the madman cut slowly the cord of safety which Mons. Godard had attached to his body. With a single puff of wind to shake the balloon the miserable creature must roll over into the abyss! Mons. Godard shut his eyes in order not to see. The madman clasps his hands; he cannot contain himself with delight. He spurs the balloon with his heels, as if on horseback, to guide its flight.

And now, yelled forth the madman, brandishing his knife, we are going to laugh. Ah, robber, you thought to make me descend? Very well. It is you who are going to tumble down in a moment, and quicker than that.

Mons. Godard had not time to make a movement or put in a single word. Before he was able to divine the infernal intention of the madman, the latter, still astride of the semicircle, had cut, oh, horror! four of the cordages which suspended to the balloon! The car inclines horribly, it only holds by two. I was going to say by one cord, so light do they appear! It would have been all over with Mons. Godard if he had not grasped desperately at the two remaining. The knife of the madman approaches the last cords—yet a moment and all will be over.

A word, a single word, cried Mons. Godard. No—no pardon, reiterated the madman.

I do not ask for pardon; on the contrary. What is it you wish then? said the madman astonished.

At this moment, now, continued the aeronaut, hurriedly, we are at a height of 5000 feet.

Stop, said the madman that will be charming to tumble down from such a height.

It is still too low, added Mons. Godard.

How so? asked the madman stupefied. Yes, said Mons. Godard, my experience as an aeronaut has taught that death is not certain to ensue from a fall from this elevation. Tumble for tumble I much prefer to fall from such a height as to be killed outright, rather than

to risk being only lamed; have the charity to precipitate me from a height of 9000 feet only. Ah, that will do! said the madman whom the mention of a more horrible fall charmed amazingly.

Mons. Godard follows heroically his purpose, and throws over an enormous quantity of ballast. The balloon makes a powerful bound and mounts five hundred in a few seconds. Only—and whilst the madman surveys the operation with a menacing air—the aeronaut thinks to accomplish another in a sense quite contrary. The quick eye of Mons. Godard had remarked that amongst the cords spared by the madman, figures the one leading to the valve. His plan is taken. He draws this cord, it opens the valve placed in the upper part of the balloon for the purpose of allowing any excess of the hydrogen gas to escape, and the result which he hoped for was not long in making itself apparant. Little by little the madman becomes drowsy, asphyxiated, and insensible by the vapors of the gas which surround him.

The madman being sufficiently asphyxiated, for his purpose, Mons. Godard allows the balloon to descend slowly to the earth. The drama is finished.

Arrived on terra firma, Mons. Godard, not bearing any hatred to the author of his perilous voyage hastened to restore him to animation, and had him conveyed, hands and feet bound, to the neighboring station. *Carrier de l'Europe.* TRANSLATOR.

(A deaf mute (Mr. Benedict) accompanied Mons. Godard in this perilous voyage.)

In a Steuben County village is kept a "store" in which is employed as clerk a lady who is teacher in a Sabbath-school, and takes deep interest in little people whose parents are in indigent circumstances. One day an urchin came into the store, to whom she said: "Do you go to Sabbath-school?"

"Sabbath-school? what's that?"

"Why a Sabbath-school is where we read the Bible, learn about God and our Savior, and—"

"Oh, I've read about God, and t'other feller that killed his brother, in the School Reader. 'Tain't no use my going to school Sunday; I know all about 'em."

The inquiry was not a success.

EMPEROR AND BLACKSMITH.

During the journey of the Emperor Joseph H. to Italy, one of the wheels of his coach broke down on the road, so that it was with difficulty he reached a small village. On his arrival there, his majesty got out at the door of the only blacksmith's shop the town afforded, and desired him to repair the wheel without delay.

"That I would do very willingly," replied the smith, "but it being a holiday, all my men are at church; the very boy who blows the bellows is not at home."

"An excellent method then presents of warming one's self," replied the emperor, preserving his *incognito*; and he immediately set about blowing the bellows, while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, six sols were demanded for the job, but the emperor gave six ducats. The blacksmith returned them to the traveller, saying,—

"Sir, you made a mistake, and instead of six sols, have given me six pieces of gold, which no one in the village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the emperor, stepping into the carriage. "An emperor should pay for such a pleasure as that of blowing the bellows."



FARMER'S COLUMN FOR JUNE.

Shear your sheep early in the month. If you have a convenient place, it may be fine fun for your boys to wash them. But many farmers think that unnecessary trouble.

Provide for your calves that you are raising a good pasture lot with plenty of shade, but they it is said to be best not to have water in the lot, but rather give them a little daily in a pail. On that point however, there is difference of opinion. I would neither take trouble to have water in the lot nor to keep the calves from it.

In tilling corn and potatoes, use the plow and cultivator so as to save hand hoeing as much as possible. The only use of tilling is to kill the weeds and keep the soil loose between the rows; and as hoeing is the greatest labor in tilling corn, let us do as much with the horse as we can, and save our own time and backs.

When you cut your clover, the latter part of this month, don't let it get too dry.

Small field beans can be planted in this month.

J. R. B.

AN ACT

Concerning the Education of Deaf Mutes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

SECT. 1. The governor, with the approval of the board of education, is hereby authorized to send such deaf mutes or deaf children as he may deem fit subjects for instruction at the expense of the Commonwealth, to the American Asylum at Hartford, or to the Clarke Institution for Deaf Mutes at Northampton, as the parents or guardians may prefer.

SECT. 2. The governor is hereby authorized to draw his warrant for such sums as shall be necessary to pay for the instruction and support of such pupils as may be sent to said institutions respectively, pursuant to the provisions of the preceding section.

SECT. 3. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Last week, we were shown two monster cucumbers by Mr. C. S. Stevens, (deaf mute,) of Kings Co.

One was 18 inches long, and weighed over 33 1-4 lbs, and measured over 7 inches at the thickest part, and the other 19 inches long, and 3 1-2 lbs. He proposes to call the bigger one the "Howe Seedling," and the other the "Chipman," in honor of the Victory of the Nova Scotia Leaders. Who can beat them?

Berwick (N. S.) Star, Oct. 23th 1867.

The Old Man of the Mountain.

Mr. William B. Swett, (deaf mute,) has presented to the Connecticut Historical Society his ingenious model of the "Old Stone Face" of Profile Mountain, which was exhibited at the late County Fair, and for which he received a diploma. The truthfulness of the model and the success of Mr. Swett in reproducing in miniature both the form and expression of the "Old Man of the Mountain" will be appreciated by all who have seen the original.

EDITORIAL.



We repeat our thanks to correspondents and friends for their words of encouragement which come to us in profusion.

The GAZETTE is the organ of no sect or class of men and intends to advocate as it has done heretofore all measures for the advancement and welfare of deaf mutes. It is no strickler for signs or for articulation either, but it goes in squarely for a fair and persistent trial of articulation in this country which has never yet been done. It has great sympathy for the new school at Northampton and enduring faith in the ultimate success of the school and sooner or later of a general adoption in whole or in part of her system throughout the country. Let us wait and see. Croakers and ill wishers must stand aside.

An important act relating to the education of the deaf mutes of Massachusetts has recently passed the Legislature as will be seen by reference to another column. It looks to the education of her children at home. Good.

The following is the organization of the Boston Deaf Mute Christian Association for 1868.

President.—J. P. Marsh, Vice Pres. W. Bailey, Secretary, A. Smith, Treasurer, G. B. Keniston, Ex-Committee, H. A. Osgood, T. Shackford, and W. H. Goldsmith.

The society is in a flourishing condition.

The death of Miss Withington and the fact that it was the last meeting of the Boston Deaf Mute Christian Association in the rooms so long occupied by them in Washington Building attracted a full meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 26th.

Mr. Smith preached from the text, "In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

The deceased had been in his family many years. When least expected death had entered his windows and selected his victim which soon turned pale as ashes and cold as marble. Mr. S. paid a warm tribute to the memory of the deceased who he said had kept the whiteness of her soul and who had gone as he firmly believed to the mansions prepared for the Blest.

Coming to the fact that of its being the last time of the society's meeting in the hall, Mr. S. passed in rapid review events of the six years they had occupied the hall. He spoke with much feeling and earnestness and was listened to with close attention.

The future of the association was bright. His faith was in God and the time is not distant when they should have an edifice to consecrate to Him, and where the Bread of Life would be broken to them.

Two deaf mutes were recently arrested in Baltimore,

The school committee of Boston are looking after the little deaf mutes of the city. A primary school will probably be opened for them. "Things is working."

A resolution was introduced into the Philadelphia Deaf Mute Literary Association and adopted changing the name of the society to The Philadelphia Deaf Mute Literary and Relief Association. A committee of five are to be selected by Mr Trist, the President to revise the constitution and By-Laws.

Mr. Gillett of the Illinois Institution was in town recently.

An esteemed correspondent writes "I have received the GAZETTE every month and it seems like meeting an old friend and enjoying his society. I am much pleased with its well merited course as well as with its reading matter, as it is quite the thing for deaf mutes and their friends."

It has been our misfortune within the last few months to record many more than the usual number of fatal accidents, taking from the community good and sober men. We are this week compelled to record another happening Friday morning last, resulting in the death of Frank H. Ward, a deaf mute man working in the upholstery department of the car shops located in this city. Mr. Ward was walking from a part of the yard to another; as he stepped from beside a lumber pile on a side track, a deck car and engine were passing by. He was knocked down and the wheels passed over him mangling him most terribly. Both legs and a portion of the lower part of his body were cut off and other injuries sustained. Every assistance was immediately rendered the poor man to alleviate his intense sufferings through which he lingered about half an hour.

Mr. Ward leaves a wife and a little boy aged eight years old to mourn his loss. He had a policy of \$1500 on his life for the benefit of his wife. We have known him for several years and have held him in high regard for general intelligence, industry and gentlemanly deportment. In the community he was highly esteemed and general regret is felt concerning his fate."

Aurora Beacon Oct. 10th, 1867.

A policeman arrested a deaf and dumb beggar who had made his infirmity a means of obtaining a livelihood for many years, and was astonished to find that the man could not only speak, but swear.

GREAT INDUCEMENT.

The *National Deaf-Mute Gazette* is published monthly at \$1.50 per annum. The proprietor makes the liberal offer to any one who will send him the names and address of twenty new subscribers and twenty dollars, to forward the *Gazette* for one year.

It will be seen that the person getting the twenty subscribers will be entitled to retain ten dollars.

Where is the best place to dine?

At C. D. & I. H. PRESHO'S
10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue,
BOSTON.

At all hours of the day and seven days in week.

THE INVISIBLE ONE.

There was once a good lady in England who had a deaf and dumb boy. She was very anxious to teach him that there was a God—she told him by signs that God was everywhere, in the air, in the woods, in the trees, and in the river that ran by their houses. He went out immediately and looked up in the air and trees, and up and down the river, but returned with a disappointed look, and said in his sign language to the lady, that she had told him a lie. Just then the Spirit of God taught her what to say. "Did you feel the wind while you were out?" "Yes," he replied. "Could you see the wind?" she said, "He cannot be seen, but He can be felt." And the poor boy saw God then with the eyes of his soul. Now, any of you who go to Christ, and sincerely ask Him to dwell in your hearts, will feel Him there.

Some years ago there was a remnant of the tribe of Indians called the Mohegans, living near Norwich in Connecticut. That tribe was one of the best of the Indian tribes. There had been a long line of kings or chiefs among them in a family called the Uncas. The last of those chiefs was named Zachary. He had learned from the white men the use of intoxicating liquor, the "fire water" as the Indians called it, and became a great drunkard. But some kind friend had a serious talk with him about it. Zachary made up his mind that, by the help of God, the last of his race should not die a drunkard. He resolved to wear this temperance jewel, (Bible—the fear of God—the amethyst) and drink no more intoxicating liquor.

Every year, about election time, Zachary used to make a visit to Governor Trumbull, the governor of the State. One of the governor's boys had heard about the old Indian's story, and he thought he would try him, and see if he would stick to his temperance principles. So the next time Zachary came to his father's house, as they were sitting round the dinner-table, he poured out a glass of wine and said,—

"Zachary, this is excellent wine; will you taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife and fork, and leaned forward with a very stern look, his black eye, sparkling with anger, was fixed on the young man,—

"John," said he, "do you know what you are doing? You are doing the devil's work, boy; stop it! I tell you I am an Indian; you know I am. If I should drink one glass of that liquor I could not stop till I became again the miserable, drunken wretch that I used to be. John, as long as you live, never tempt a man to break a good resolution.—*Newton.*

On the 29th. January, early in the morning, a young deaf and dumb man, named Joseph Hentzell, residing in Young's Addition near Canton, Ohio, was killed by the cars in the following manner:—

He was walking on the track from his home to Aultman's shop where he was employed, when he was overtaken at the foot of Eighth street, by the morning express train going west. Being deaf he had no warning of its approach, whilst the engineer, ignorant of the boy's infirmity, supposed he would step off as the train neared him. The locomotive threw him from the track, his head striking against a freight car standing on the side track, knocking out his brains and causing instant death. It is reported that the mute had been in the habit of passing down the track at that hour, just before daylight, and that he relied upon the reflection of the head light on the locomotive to warn him of the approach of the train. That morning no head light was carried and a coroner's inquest was asked for by the R. R. Company.

"Which is the most delightful emotion?" said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils, after teaching them the names of our various feelings. The pupils turned instinctively to their slates, to write an answer; and one, with a smiling countenance, wrote "*Joy.*" It would seem as if none could write anything else; but another, with a look of more thoughtfulness, put down "*Hope.*" A third, with a beaming countenance, wrote "*Gratitude.*" A fourth wrote "*Love,*" and other feelings still claimed the superiority in other minds. One turned back with a countenance full of peace, and yet a tearful eye, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate, "*Repentance* is the most delightful emotion." He returned to her with marks of wonder, in which her companions doubtless participated, and asked, "Why?" "O," said she, in the expressive language of looks and gestures which marks these mutes, "it is so delightful to be humbled before God!"—*Sunday School Times.*

The prospects of the Boston Deaf Mute Christian Association were never more encouraging. The members have strong expectations of soon having a site and erecting thereon at no distant day a suitable chapel for their use.

FOUR IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.—First to escape trouble by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment, but he soon found himself where all his imitators will, in the end, find themselves. Therefore, manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.

Second, to become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, that is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed lusture.

Third, to form an independent character, except when thrown upon their own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on every side by trees that shelter it and shade it, runs up tall and sickly; but away from its protectors and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field where it is continually beat upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.

Fourth, to be a growing man when you look to your post for influence instead of bringing influence to your post. Therefore, prefer rather to climb up hill with difficulty, than to roll down with inglorious ease.

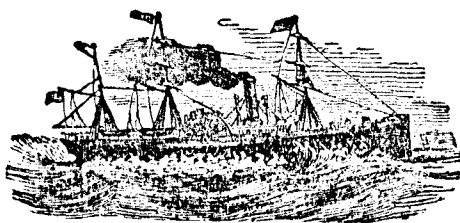
WHAT IS ETERNITY?—The question was asked at the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris, and the beautiful answer was given by one of the pupils, "The life time of the Almighty."

☞ Every father is like a looking-glass for his children to dress themselves by. Let every parent take heed to keep the glass bright and clear, not dull and spotted.

☞ A man once wrote on the door of his house, "Let nothing evil enter here!" on which another, passing by, remarked, "Then the master of the house must never come in."

Trust not the whiteness of his turban; he bought the soap on credit.—*Turkish Proverb.*

FOREIGN ITEMS.



SOUND-TEACHING OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

"Articulation and Lip-reading for the Deaf and Dumb" was the apparently paradoxical title of a very interesting lecture delivered yesterday, in the Assembly-room of the Free-trade Hall, by Mr. G. Van Asch. There was a pretty good attendance, and it was intimated that the proceeds of the lecture would be devoted to the Manchester Ear Institution.

Sir. James Bardsley, as president of the above institution, occupied the chair. He remarked that he was not sufficiently familiar with the lecturer's system to give a reliable opinion upon it; but the audience and he were able to judge for themselves of the capabilities from the illustrations which would be submitted to them. He would merely remark that, before consenting to preside at the meeting, he considered it his duty to inquire of the lecturer whether his method at all interfered with the medical and surgical treatment of the diseases of the ear, and he was told that it did not; but, on the contrary, his method of instruction began after all the modern surgical appliances had failed in restoring the sense of speech and hearing.

Mr. Van Asch began his lecture by referring to the characteristic condition of the deaf and dumb before instruction. Deafness might be defined to be a condition of constant passiveness, even though sound might operate to influence the auricular organs. But this passiveness was not always total, and if instead of making the ability to hear a spoken language their test they were to adopt that of being able to hear sound of any strength, they would exclude from the present number of so-called deaf and dumb children 40 if not 50 per cent. He thought the distinction between total and comparative deafness had not been sufficiently noticed, and he argued that it was to achieve much in the way of instruction in these cases where the faculty of hearing was not wholly destroyed. The real point to be considered was not whether a dumb child were in possession of the power to force into action the various organs all more or less concerned in the production of sound, but whether they could train it to apply that power in such a manner and in such a degree that it would enable the organs of speech to perform the articulations requisite for the construction of an audible language. In Holland and Prussia this matter had been proved long since; but in England and America the idea had been and was still prevailing, amongst other reasons, that the language of the land was not well adapted for such performances. It was on this account that he came before them, to show how far this opinion harmonised with the results of the actual experiments which had been made in the sound-teaching of the deaf and dumb.

At this stage of the lecture, two little girls—one born completely deaf and dumb, and the other with only a very partial sense of hearing—was brought upon the platform, and put by the lecturer through a series of extremely interesting exercises. Mr. Van Asch explained that he began by teaching his pupils the articulation of the vowels, then mute sounds, and afterwards the two in combination, which of course produced entire words. His plan was to take the pupil's hand in his own, and pressing it on his larynx enunciate the sound with the utmost clearness, letting the pupil observe the motion of his lips and other sound-producing organs. He explained to the audience that the pupil really learned to converse by sight, and not by sound. At the same time, the experiments were really based on the phonetic system. These experiments occupied a considerable space of time, but they hardly admit of detailed description. The girls repeated all the sounds made by the teacher with what, under the circumstances, must be termed marvellous accuracy, and they made it quite apparent that they understood all that was said to them. They

next wrote on a slate the sounds spoken by the teacher, and afterwards worked a sum in simple addition on the black board. Mr. Van Asch then introduced to the audience what he truly termed an "advanced" pupil. This was a young gentleman apparently about 17, who had been six years under instruction, and who read aloud without difficulty from the day's newspaper. He came across a word which he at once said he had never seen before, but a reference to the dictionary quickly placed him in possession of its meaning. The audience frequently applauded the "experiments," and in other ways testified to their deep interest on the subject. Thanks were voted to the lecturer and to the chairman, and the proceedings then terminated. It should be added that the sum of £40. 7s. 6d. was handed to Mr. T. Aitken, the treasurer of the Ear Institution, which had been collected by Mr. H. Salomonson from the following gentlemen, as a token of the interest felt in the method adopted by Mr. Van Asch, for improving the education of the deaf and dumb:—

Sir James Watts, Sir Elkanah Armitage, Messrs. Samuel Mendel, Peter Joynson, E. Reiss, Francis Burghardt, James M'Laren, Peter Maclaren, Ernest Delius, Ralph Strauss, C. P. Henderson, L. Hanmer Bernhard Hahn, Emil Liebert, Joseph Hadwen, A. Haworth, Theo. Huet, Harry L. Lazarus, Geo. Spafford, Wood and Wright, R. W. Grafton, Wm. Kessler, Oliver Heywood, G. Gottschalk, T. Henry Agnew, Simpson, Thompson, and Co., Wm. Openshaw, Edward James Lomnitz, Charles E. Arning, James Black, Theodore Hiltermann, Edward Philippi, Julius Liepmann, John Peyser, L. Knoop, E. M. Stocher, —Davies, Henry J. Leppoe, Wm. Hughes, William Hoffman, J. Ashton Critchley, Henry Salomonson, Bernard Salomonson.

Manchester Examiner and Times (Eng.) April 2. 1868.

THE EDUCATION OF DEAF MUTES.

Extract from the correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

Yverdon, Switzerland.

***** The Swiss excel us in the instruction and education of deaf mutes—a matter of great moment to individuals, and interesting to the public as a criterion of the wider matter of popular education.

The instruction of mutes as a general practice originated late in the last century. There were several known methods, by which children who cannot hear, and, therefore, do not learn speech as we do—that is, mainly by the ear—could be taught to hold intercourse with us by language. The method of visible signs, mimicking, or pantomime, was rather hastily adopted in France, then carried to England and to the United States, and there is known as the French method.

In those countries the method became gradually intrenched in public institutions (which tend naturally to conversation), and having escaped much philosophical criticism, is accepted by the public as the best that can be. Very little is known, even in these institutions, of what can be done, and is done for the instruction of mutes by other methods. The Germans, who are more philosophical than the French, and who excel all nations in knowledge and practice of "Pedagogic," adopted the method of teaching mutes to articulate; that is, to imitate our speech by watching the movement of our lips and features by the eye, instead of watching them mainly by the ear. Experience has proved that this is feasible to a considerable extent. Each method has certain advantages over the other; but upon the whole, the method of articulation seems to me the best.

In Switzerland the education of mutes has long been a matter of general interest; and as the country lies between France and Germany, and the people in some parts speak French and in others German, some adopted the French and others the German method. Gradually, however, the latter has gained the most favor. In this town, for instance, an institution, was begun some forty years ago,

upon the French method, but on the death of the founder, his son, Mr. Charles Naef, who had learned both methods, was so well convinced of the superiority of the German, that he adopted it, and now practises it ably and successfully.

The same change has taken place in Geneva, where Mr. Hevz conducts a school with great success.

The advocates of the French-American method, who were intelligent and candid enough to admit the wonderful success of the Germans in teaching the mutes to articulate, and to read language upon the lips, usually say that it comes partly from the fact of the structure of the German language, and that the same thing cannot be done in English or in French. But the Swiss have proved that the French language presents no insurmountable difficulties. As it has more homonymes than the German, and as the words are not spelled so nearly as they are pronounced, the task is more difficult, but the difficulty is met and overcome. The English presents quite as much difficulty as the French, but it is not insurmountable.

I have visited and examined many schools, and have found and conversed with many mutes out of school, who could divine what I said in simple sentences, plainly spoken, by watching my lips; and I could understand the words which they pronounced. Of course it is not like ordinary conversation; and, except with mutes of uncommon capacity, special attention must be given to the conversation. But, upon the whole, the intercourse is more satisfactory than with slate and pencil, or by the finger language; and it seems to me more humanizing for the mute. He is brought more nearly into sympathy and social relations with us by using ordinary human speech, in the natural way, or as nearly as may be.

There is one feature of the Swiss and German method of educating mutes, which is of special interest, and which should be engrafted upon our old institutions in the United States, and I trust will be made a leading one in the institution which Massachusetts is organizing. It is that, as much as possible, the mute should be brought into relations with ordinary people. Thus, instead of teaching a mute boy his trade in the establishment, and in company with other mutes, he is put out to apprentice, and learns to work with ordinary workmen, and in the ordinary way.

I have taken special pains to seek out several of these apprentices, and have seen them at work, and heard them converse with their employers and fellow-workmen. I find that they continue to use articulation, and that it is very useful to them. A proof of success is that they are in demand as apprentices. I found them in shoemakers', tailors', and jewelers' shops, working well and earning fair wages.

In general they are inferior to mutes educated at our institutions in knowledge of written language, perhaps in general knowledge, but they look and act more like ordinary persons than our mutes do. The peculiar characteristics of their class are lessened by intercourse with ordinary persons, instead of being intensified by long and close intercourse with other mutes.

"SPEECHLESS JOY"—A SILENT WEDDING— A MARRIAGE OF MUTES.

On the afternoon of April 22, the quiet, unpretentious looking brown stone Church of St. Ann's, in West Eighteenth street, New York city was the scene of a most interesting and peculiar marriage. Be it known, that this sacred edifice is devoted to the spiritual edification of deaf mutes, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet. Here every Sunday may be witnessed the unique and benevolent service which teaches these poor unfortunates, deprived

of the faculties of listening and articulation, the truths of the Gospel. On the afternoon above-mentioned the deeply-dyed altar window, with its crimson and purple and amethyst stains, was reflected in the brilliant costumes and variegated bonnets of the numerous fashionably-dressed ladies who attended the nuptial service, performed between Robert T. Bailey and Miss Harriet Cornell, both deaf mutes. The street was lined with carriages, and the sidewalk and vestibule of the church were filled with the curious and eager spectators. Ladies streamed and rushed their silks against the pew knobs, and young gentlemen, with ivory-headed canes and artistic scarfs, lounged in and assumed attitudes of respectful but careless devotion. The bridegroom was Mr. Robert T. Bailey, a clerk in the Surrogate's office, a good looking young gentleman, and the bride was Miss Harriet Cornell, a niece of Mr. Charles G. Cornell, well known in New York local politics. The bride was neatly—nay, tastefully attired in a light travelling dress, and the gentleman wore the conventional swallow tail peculiar to all happy bridegrooms. Bride and bridegroom were both under twenty five years of age, and were a well-matched and handsome couple. Bouquets were plentiful in the church, and beautified the edifice by their sweet odors. The bride and bridegroom, though both deaf, could speak a little. Miss Cornell, when a young and beautiful girl, lost her hearing and hair by a terrible attack of the scarlet fever. The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. E. Benjamin, Rector of the Free Church of the Holy Light. It was a solemn scene that, when the modestly-attired bride, in her quiet travelling dress, and the young gentleman stepped out of the pew, and walking up the aisle, stood under the rays of the stained altar-piece to be made man and wife—for better or for worse. These two young people loving each other so well, and never hearing the sound of each other's voices, now to be joined in matrimony's bands, until death doth put them asunder. Ah, what a blessing had been vouchsafed to them in the gift of the language of the eyes! No need for them to speak: love is stronger than words. Then in after life the serenity of silence, without sound of difference to mar their perfect bliss. The clergyman, attired in his white surplice, came to the altar and invoked the spirit of the Holy Ghost upon all present. Then did the priest ask the man: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinances in the holy estate of matrimony?" and as the clergyman asked the question in the vernacular, Mr. Gallaudet made the mute signs across his fingers, and by similar signs the bride and bridegroom assented to the solemn questions destined to make them one. And the ring was put on at a sign from the priest, and troth was plighted as it has been plighted in the hearts of those who have lived for 1800 years, and in silence the couple went out of the church to the street, and there, while taking their carriages to convey them to their home in Brooklyn, the handkerchiefs of many fair ladies were saturated with tears of joy and sympathy. *New York paper, May 9th. 1868.*

☞ A young man who attended church in Minneapolis, Minn., a short time ago, went to sleep during the service, and while sleeping, suddenly arose to his feet, and with violent gestures exclaimed. "I won't do it; I am going to bed!" He was prevented from retiring in so public a place by being awakened.

☞ Ruskin says: "Wise men keep one side of their life for play, and another for work; and can be brilliant, and chattering, and transparent, when they are at ease—and yet take deep counsel on the other side, when they set themselves to their main purpose."

A correspondent sends the following good story:—

Colonel Mc Hatten came from Virginia to this State (Illinois) in the early settlement of the country, when roadside inns were unknown, and every dweller in the wilderness kept a sort of traveller's home. The colonel, by a lucky investment in wild land, became in time a rich man; but he kept up his habits of hospitality, and if the guests were well-to-do in the world, did not object to turning an honest penny in that way.

One cold, blustering winter evening, a horse-man drew up to the house, and asked accomodation for the night. A half-grown lad answered in the affirmative, and ushered him into the sitting-room, where the great wood fire, of itself, gave him a cordial welcome. After supper the landlord made his appearance for the first time. He was hearty and hale, and rosy as any Boniface should be, but he was bent and crippled in his gait. He explained by saying that he had taken a cold which had settled in his back.

"I don't mind the pain so much," he continued, "but it is so inconvenient. I have been recommended to try a *poor man's plaster*, and if you will excuse me I will have it put on. Sam! Samuel! Samuel McHattan!"

"Here, father," said the lad before mentioned, hastily swallowing a huge piece of mince pie which he had been quietly enjoying.

"Here, Sam, my boy, heat this plaster for me and put it on my back. Heat it hot, Sam."

Saying which, he handed this plaster to his son, and seating himself astride his chair, with his back to the fire, threw his suspenders back and his shirt over his head. "Now, Sam," said the colonel, "if the poor man's plaster is hot, you may put it on; but you may wait a little; I'm afraid it's not hot enough. Heat it hot, Sam; heat it hot. Can you tell," he continued, turning to the traveller, who was seated in the corner, "can you tell why this is called the *poor man's plaster*—sometimes the poor man's *friend*—eh? Give it up?"—laughing to himself—"because it *sticketh closer than a brother*! eh?"

Poor Sam, who had been watching his chance to speak without interrupting his father, now ventured to say—

"I guess it's hot enough now, father."

"What do you know about it?" said the old man, testily. "I say heat it hot, Sam, heat it hot."

Sam, whose face was at a red heat, had held the plaster to the fire until it ran and dripped down on the hearth, and he made no reply.

"Well," said the old man, looking around, "may be it will do now, Sam. Clap it on."

Sam, armed with the plaster, approached him, and, if my word can be taken, *did* clap it on. The old man gave one yell, like a wild Indian, and jumped clear over the back of his chair, kicking his old fashioned breeches off his feet, dancing around with pain. The traveller laughed until he cried, and the more mine host roared, the more he laughed. When the first agony was over the colonel began to swear, and our traveller thought it would be prudent for him to retire, lest he should share his wrath with Sam, who he observed was making good his distance.

The next morning, when leaving, he handed the colonel five dollars, saying, with a twinkling of his eye—

"I don't want any change. It is cheap at that."

After he was seated upon his horse and out of range, he called—

"Heat it hot, Sam, heat it hot. It sticketh closer than a brother, eh?"

(Exchange)

Saucy Boy—"Hullo, missus, wot are those?"

Old Woman—"Cent apiece."

Boy—"O, my! What a story! They're apples, now, and you knows it."

A NEW book on Whitefield has recently appeared in England, from which we quote three anecdotes that we do not remember to have seen hitherto in print:

When Mr. Whitefield was in the zenith of his popularity Lord Clare, who knew that his influence was considerable, applied to him, by letter, requesting his assistance at Bristol at the ensuing general election. To this request Mr. Whitefield replied that in general elections he never interfered; but he would earnestly exhort his lordship to use great diligence to *make his own particular calling and election sure*.

ONE day, as Mr. Whitefield walked along, a sailor, apparently a little intoxicated, but, it would seem, wishing to appear so, frequently stumbled in Mr. Whitefield's way, who, notwithstanding, took no notice of him. At length he so much interrupted the way as to prevent Mr. Whitefield's getting forward, whereupon he took him by the shoulder and thrust him to one side. "What do you mean?" said the sailor; "don't you know I am one of *your disciples*?" "I am afraid of that," replied the good man; "had *you been one of my Master's* I should have had better hopes of you."

WHEN Mr. Whitefield once preached before the seamen at New York he introduced the following bold apostrophe into his sermon: "Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine head-way over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam-ends! What next?" The unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose and exclaimed, "Take to the long boat!"

Le Sueur, May 4th, 1868.

An interesting trial for murder was concluded last week at the court in Sussex Co., N. Y. Jesse Draper, deaf and dumb negro, was charged with the murder of N. H. Dickerson, in November last. The facts were not denied, but a plea of self depend and non-accountability, by reason of deficient mental capacity, was made. His own counsel could not make him understand, and he did not comprehend the proceedings during his trial. A verdict of "not guilty" was rendered.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE IN A PAGAN.—A follower of Pythagoras once bought a pair of shoes of a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. On that day he took the money, but, finding the cobbler had died in the interim, returned, secretly rejoicing that he could retain the money and get a pair of shoes for nothing. "His conscience, however," says Seneca, "would not allow him to rest, till, taking up the money, he went back to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said, 'Go thy way, for though he is dead to all the world besides, yet *he is alive to me*.'—BRITISH WORKMAN.

Paris is to have the most magnificent fountain in the world. It will be composed of four waterfalls, eight lions spouting water, and immense candelabra, to light up the whole at night.

Get us as many subscribers as you can.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Gazette

MR. EDITOR:—Mr. Chamberlain's notions of the spiritual body are not very clear to me. It is to be "a body which can be seen and felt." Of course; but does he mean that it will be visible and tangible to such organs of sense as we now possess? I take it for granted he holds that the angels possess just such bodies; and it is a prevalent belief that

"Millions of spirits walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Most people believe that we cannot see or touch these spiritual angelic bodies with our present organs of sense. The "spiritual body" will no doubt possess infinitely finer organs.

As to the resurrection, though the general belief is of a literal resurrection of the same body we laid down, there are theologians, in other respects admitted to be orthodox who hold a different theory. In their view, the "spiritual body" of the apostle is not a body of such gross materials, including several periods of lime and other earthy matter, as the body we carry about on this earth, but a body of like proportions and relation of parts, but made of much finer elements. If we take into heaven the same bodies we have here, however refined, will it not follow that we shall need in heaven regular meals and all their consequences? But I have not time to pursue the subject.

J. R. B.

For the Gazette.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., January 25th, 1868.

Deaf mute after deaf mute-educated, of course—has come to lovely Little Rock, hoping to get a job, and has left for parts unknown, avowing eternal hostility to poor Little Rock. The sad truth, if in Arkansas we may use the word, is, that Arkansas is the worst state in the Union, as regards education. Thirty-one years a state and no public school!

With a salubrious climate, a soil fertile beyond that of Kansas, we certainly should have been the most prosperous people under heaven, but for slavery, the sum of all iniquity. Great destitution and suffering exist in many parts of this state, especially among the "poor whites." Never did we behold such deplorable ignorance of the laws of life as is exhibited by the "poor whites" all around. Sunk in utmost pollution, they are but one remove from the beasts that perish. To see them wallowing in the mire of sensuality, hog-like, one would fancy oneself in the infernal regions where the furias applaud to the echo the base passions of each other. Satan reigns supreme, aye, and now that king cotton is decapitated, reigns sole monarch of the entire South.

The constitutional convention is now in session in this city, for the purpose of framing a constitution to be submitted to the people for adoption or rejection. Eight negroes, one of them Mr. Gray of Philipps Co., are members of the convention. Mr Gray's speech, as reported in Friday's *Evening Republican*, does him credit, as far as literary execution is concerned. He is an intellectual looking man, with bright, penetrating eyes, and his whole bearing is that of an educated man who knows "what is what."

Several members of the convention have taken hold of the finger alphabet, and are vying with each other in their facility in the use of this language. This mode of talking will by degrees spread into general use.

Mr. Adams, a member of the convention, was on terms of intimate friendship with the lamented Dr. Gallaudet, also with the venerable

Prof. Clerc. Mr. Adams is a poet; he said he had a poem printed in the "*Rainbow*," an annual, in 1848, wherein he took occasion to speak of the deaf and dumb. In conversation with me the other evening, he entertained me with some choice expressions; of which the following is a sample:

"The dumb shall speak, the deaf shall hear, and the dead shall be raised again. That dumbness of all dumbness is death. My heart's sweetest treasure lies buried in the grave."

Mr. Editor, I request of you as a favor that you will publish the subjoined poem for the edification of such of your readers as relish this kind of reading. It was written by Mr. Adams by candle-light—gas-light is unknown in this city except in the case of public buildings—it was written, I say, while I exercised two members of the convention in digital lessons. Mr. Adams is a native of Connecticut.

JESSE LEON

"There is a world beyond there you will await me and we shall meet again."
Bonaparte to Duroc.

What would I give, *one little hour*,

To clasp thy hand again in mine,—

To look within thy soft blue eye,

And press my trembling lips to thine;

It seems so hard now I am old,

To feel the shirers in my breast,

Of hopes I'd learned to lean upon,

For succor, solace and for rest.

It may to others weakness seem,

To grieve and grieve o'er mortal dust;—

If so forgive these burning tears,

But weep for thee my boy I must,

And grope the remnant of life's way,

Like one estrayed from home,—

Bewildered still and still the more,

The farther still my footsteps stray.

The bloom to me from leaf and flower,

Sped with thy early life away,

And now I tread a thorny road,

And trail my robes as best I may.

Night, only night has joy for me

That brings the star we loved the best,

So beautiful then, *more beautiful now*,

For there I dream thou art at rest!

Farewell, a long, no *short farewell*,

For life with me will soon be o'er,

And when in Heaven we next embrace,

I can, my son, but love thee, more;

And then twill but a pastime seem,

The years I've tugged grief's fest'ring chain,

So sweet the thought, *my heart's lost lamb*

Is found, forever found again!

G. ZELOTES ADAMS.

The publisher of the "*Southern Journal of Education*," a new school magazine recently established at Shelbyville, Kentucky, is a graduate of the Kentucky Institution, and is spoken of as a gentleman of excellent attainments. Who that is a friend to the unfortunate deaf mute, does not contrast, with joyous emotions, the condition of the "land of silence" now with what it was before Dr. Gallaudet and Prof. Clerc introduced into America the art of deaf mute education?

JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

MAY-FLOWERS.

A few days ago, a friend brought a little gift to me. It was a basket filled with evergreens, mosses and the pink and white blossoms of the trailing Arbutus, or May-flowers. It was a beautiful sight—the shy sweet bud peeping from among the dark evergreens and the soft mosses. But for a moment, the sight of the flowers and the delicate perfume which filled the room, brought a sharp, heavy pain to my heart. They brought to me the memory of one who was very dear to me, and who with me had often greeted the return of spring and these early wild flowers. Not in words—for the lips of our Willie were sealed. On his closed ear, all sweet sounds fell unheeded. But the sparkling blue eye, the merry laugh, and the eager, graceful gesture, spoke a language we could not fail to understand. How he loved these flowers!

And a year ago—a year ago to-day, we laid flowers like these around his dear cold face and placed them in his clasped hands. For the good Shepherd had folded our lamb in his arms and had carried him in His bosom across the river of Death.

Only the casket which had contained our treasure was left us, and with aching hearts we gathered to bury it out of our sight. Yet we felt that we would not call him back, even if we could. The cross and the crown formed of these flowers, which lay on our Willie's coffin, told the story of his short life and happy death. The cross is lifted now from his tender shoulders. The first sound which fell on his ear were the notes of the new song which the redeemed sing unto the Lamb. The first words his lips uttered were thanks "unto Him who hath loved us and given Himself for us." How sweet—how wonderful must have been the change from the utter silence of his earthly life to the music and melody of Heaven! And soon we who so loved him will be called to follow him. We too shall "see the King in His beauty—we shall behold the land that is very off." Willie waits for us there, and we shall listen with joy to his story of what the Lord hath done for him. These are the thoughts those bright flowers and leaves brought to me. I lifted them tenderly and placed them where their beauty and fragrance would constantly remind me of our lost Willie. No, not lost, for God lives.

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly

"What He has given

"They live on earth in thought and deed as truly

"As in His heaven."

M. A. B.

"THE WINE"

EDITOR GAZETTE:—In the May number one who signs himself "C. R. F." has something to say on the proposal to purchase a house for Mr. Clere. He tells a story and asks "Who will give the wine?"

The proposal came from an anonymous correspondent in Hartford, and it appears the Hartford papers were made mediums of appeal to the deaf mutes of the country. It reminds us too strongly of Gift Enterprise and Gettysburg Lottery swindlers. And, further, we consider it the duty of Hartford to see that her own eminent citizen, of whom she has so long been proud and who has conferred on her so much of honor and beneficence, should be provided for in his old age. "C. R. F." talks of shame and does not seem to comprehend that the shame attaches to the wealthy men of Hartford. Suppose a President of Harvard, after giving forty years of his life to the college, should be compelled, in his old age, to appeal to his past pupils for the means to live. Would Boston allow such appeal to go into her newspapers? I doubt whether "C. R. F." knows what he is talking about.

SENEX.

National Deaf Mute College
Washington D. C., April 16th 1868.

EDITOR GAZETTE. DEAR SIR:—We announce with much regret the death of Anthony J. Kull a member of the Freshman class. His disease was Inflammation of the bowels, and his illness continued but four days.

A few minutes before his death he stated that he was happy and prepared to die, and we trust that he is now happy with his Saviour. The accompanying resolutions were unanimously adopted by the students after learning of his death.

Whereas, God, in his infinite love and wisdom, has removed by death our beloved friend and companion Anthony J. Kull; therefore,

Resolved, That his integrity of character, and nobleness of heart had endeared him to us in all his relations as a class mate and friend: And, That our grief at the loss of one so universally respected and loved, will prompt us to cherish his memory with great affection.

Resolved, That we extend our warmest sympathies to the bereaved friends of our comrade, while we rejoice in his firm hope of a blessed immortality.

Resolved, That we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to the National Deaf Mute Gazette for publication and to the family of the deceased.

D. H. CARROLL, CHAIRMAN.

W. B. LOTHROP, Secretary.

"C. R. F."

DEAR EDITOR:—In the May number of your paper one "C. R. F." announces the failure of the project to purchase a dwelling for Mr. Clere, and makes some insinuating reflections of the deaf mutes therefor. He gives us a story which may be fact or fiction. I will present him with one or two facts.

Boston regarded with pride her loose spendthrift son Daniel Webster and presented him many thousand dollars in the course of his life, and which he threw away with prodigal hand, never once thanking the donors. Still she gave, and, finally, after his death, placed him in bronze on her State House grounds.

The same city reviled and mobbed Garrison for thirty years. The war and its stupendous results brought her to her senses, and, on his departure for Europe, she made up for his acceptance a purse of fifty thousand dollars.

Horace Mann was another glorious son of Massachusetts, and, if I am not mistaken, he, too, stands in bronze at the door of her legislative Halls.

Hartford prides, and has long prided herself on the Asylum, the Retreat, Washington College and the Charter Oak, and this is not all. She has in her midst a man over eighty years of age, who has given her forty years of his life, on a salary that would barely support a family and educate the children as men of the wealthy class desire their children to be educated. He has lived among them, a fellow citizen for over half a century. They have boasted of him as to them a source of glory and honor through all this long time, and now they allow an appeal to be made *through their newspapers*, calling upon his past pupils to come to his aid and enable him to live comfortably through his few remaining months or years!

Why should Hartford blazon her own shame in this way? Have the old days of Socrates and the Athenians come again? Aristides was banished because men were tired of hearing him called the just, and Hartford with all her wealth begs through her newspapers; charity for one of her aged fellow citizens and who has for so many years been one of her greatest benefactors! The statement is sufficient. I leave the application to "C. R. F."

For the Gazette.

Iowa City, April 10th 1868.

"Special Dispatch to the Chicago Times. Council Bluffs, April 6th 1868.

Last Saturday, the Iowa Legislature passed an act, appropriating one hundred and twenty five thousand dollars to commence the construction of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Council Bluffs, and fully approving the location, and in the main ratifying the plans adopted by the commissioners, (Thomas Officer, E. Honn and Caleb Baldwin).

The original contract price for the building of the structure was three thousand dollars, and it is probable that five hundred thousand dollars will be expended upon the Asylum building and the grounds, the design being to make this one of the most complete Institutions of the kind in the country."

Much credit is due to Messrs Casady and Babbitt of the Senate and House, for the skill and energy they have put forth in securing the passage of this act, and the people of this county should keep them in lasting remembrance for the successful result of their skill and energy as legislators.

With such men as Babbitt and Casady in the legislature the interests of Pottawattamie county and Council Bluffs will never suffer, for if human foresight, legislative skill and action can accomplish anything, they are the men for it.

Hurrah for Council Bluffs! Hurrah for Pottawattamie county! and Hurrah for Messrs Babbitt and Casady, the tried and true representatives of the interests of their constituents.

In my last article I omitted to say that the domestic department of the Iowa Institution is in the hands of Mrs. Mary B. Swan, formerly a resident of Iowa City; and for eight years assistant matron in the Ohio Institution, where she is said to have established an excellent reputation for efficiency and tact in the management of the deaf and dumb.

Thirteen of the female inmates of this Institution are afflicted with sore eyes and unable to attend school. OTIS.

The following anecdote was told the writer several years since by the editor of a country newspaper: As it appears too good not to be given the readers of the Gazette, here it is:

"One day, when times were hard and cash payments were a unusual thing, and delinquent subscribers numerous my office was entered by a man whose countenance bespoke distress. Bidding him to be seated I spoke to him, but he seemed not to hear me; and, at the same time pulled out a small slate and wrote that he was deaf, and was to use a common expression, "hard up" begging me to give him work even for a day. After considering his condition, and my own resources, which were not very flattering; and being desirous of helping a fellow mortal in need I decided that, as I was my own compositor, I would let him have my place for a few days; or till he could make a "raise" sufficient to take himself to a better place.

He at once commenced to work. He had not worked two days when I began to suspect from his actions that he was not really deaf. I kept my suspicions to myself till the third day was nearly spent, and till the time I calculated he would have forgotten the role he was playing, if he had done. Seated in my chair I suddenly put to him the question orally; How long have you been deaf?

"Seven years."

Suddenly discovering how he was trapped he acknowledged the corn; but pleaded in extenuation vacuity of purse, and his supposition that misfortune opened the purse strings of charity, I told him

to get inside of his coat, and handing him his wages could not refrain from giving him a parting salutation with my boot. I never heard of him afterward." *

Portchester, N. Y., May 7th. 1868.

To the EDITOR OF THE N. D. M. GAZETTE:—A sad accident occurred in East P. Chester, Conn., on the first of May. Josiah Barnes a deaf mute, aged 22 years, was killed by his brother in law who attempted to practise with his pistol on an out building, the ball went through the board and struck him in the temple, which caused instant death. His funeral was attended at the Episcopal church by a large concourse of people. He had been baptized only a few weeks previously and appeared to live a christian life.

He was lately married and leaves a wife, (hearing) to mourn his loss. He was educated at the N. Y. Institution for Deaf and Dumb.

Yesterday a deaf mute, apparently aged 35 was run over by the cars on the N. H. and N. Y. R. R. near Harlem and his legs cut off. I have not learnt his name. L. G. M.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Opening of the Season by the Fanwoods:

The Fanwood Base Ball Club of the New York Institution opened their season last week. They had a pretty lively time of it the first nine playing against a field nine and at the conclusion the score stood First nine 48. Field-nine 5.

The First nine for the season are composed of the following players Robinson, Hughes, Winslow, Gardner, Van Tassel, Bull, Gillett, Lyon, and Willette; and they must be a pretty strong team judging by the fact that they whitewashed the *Field-nine* six times.

New York, May 5th 1868.

S.

PRETTY SPEECH.

The following pretty speech was recently made by a bridegroom:—Today I shake hands with the past. I live henceforth in future joys. An unknown door is opened, and I enter an abode of beatitude. I am confident of the future. The shadow of the present shall fall upon it even when my bride and I have grown old, and invest it with sunset glories. I may not deserve the good I have won. Love is not won. It gives itself, and if not given, no wealth, genius, beauty or wit, no gold of earth or gem of heaven, is rich enough to purchase it. Loving thee, my bride, my heart shall keep its old memories like the sea-shell its wonted melody. Love's music steals on us like dawning light which through the unknown future was dark and dreary; but celestial splendor now lights up the gloom; and the bride, her spirit self, a Peri at the gates of Paradise, invites me onward and upward to a life of purest pleasures and duties of beneficence.

☞ Education is our only political safety. Outside of this ark all is deluge.—HORACE MANN.

☞ Why is a ship-builder like a young duck? Because he makes for the water.

☞ There is a man in this city so absent-minded that meeting his son on the street a few days since, he extended his hand to him and inquired, "How do you do? When is your father coming home?"

☞ Why should an industrious shoemaker never spend a shilling unnecessarily? Because he is never far from his last.

☞ It is a curious fact that nearly all of the great London editors are either Scotchmen or Scotch-Irish.



On Wednesday, the 29th ult., at the residence of the bride's mother, Woodbridge, N. J., by the Rev. James A. Little of Perth Amboy, N. J., Rev. James R. Campbell (late Professor in New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb) to Miss Mary A. Sharp of Woodbridge, N. J.

On the 4th February last, by the Rev. Dr. Clerc, Abraham F. Marshall (American Asylum) to Miss Alvina R. Mayer (Penn. Inst.). Both reside in Philadelphia.

On the 12th of March last, by the Rev. Dr. Clerc, Mr. William C. Church (Penn. Inst.) to Mrs. Mary C. Strobel (Penn. Inst.) Both reside in Cape May, New Jersey.

In Rock Grove, Stephenson Co., Ill., Sept. 4, 1866, by Rev. Enoch Eby, Robert G. Harkness of Grand Detour, Ogle Co., Ills., to Miss Charlotte A. Logan of Rock Grove, Ills.



In Winchester, April 20, while on a visit to friends, after a few days illness, Miss Mary W. Withington of Canton, Mass., (American Asylum) aged 56.

At the Ohio Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Mrs. Emma Barrett, the second matron, January 7th. Aged 56.

In Anamosa, Iowa, May 7th, Mrs. Aliena Perkins, aged 64. Her maiden name was Aliena Rice, and she was among the few remaining of those who entered the American Asylum in 1818, fifty years ago. Many years since she married Charles Hall, a Hartford pupil. He died about 1845, near Galena, Illinois. In 1843 she married Lewis N. Perkins, another Hartford pupil, and lived in Anamosa, as above, till her death. She was a good woman and had the universal good will of all who knew her.

In Hartford, Conn., at the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, Myron W. Day. May 13th, 1867. Aged 13 years, 8 months.

Thanks to Jesus.

Far from home a child lies suffering,
But he cannot tell his pain;
Words of love and tones of pity
Fall upon his ear in vain.
For, in one unbroken silence,
His young spirit dwells alone;
Glance and sign the only language
He has ever used or known.
Slowly, sadly has the Sabbath
Passed in care and pain away,
Restlessly upon his pillow,
He is watching for the day.
In these weary hours of watching,
Thoughts of home, his spirit throng,
And his eager signs "My Mother"
Speak a yearning deep and strong.
Morning dawns, but hope has vanished,
Nought of skill that life can save;
Will he dread the gloomy valley?
Does he fear the lonely grave?
See! the hands again are lifted
Words of faith and love to frame,
"Thanks to Jesus! thanks to Jesus!"
All is peace through that dear name.

Folded now the busy fingers,
Motionless the restless feet,
But a heavenly peace still lingers
On the brow so calm and sweet.
Not for him, earth's pain and sorrow.
All his trials here are passed,
Now in heaven the ear is opened,
And the tongue unloosed at last.
Yet oh Lord! our hearts will falter,
And our eyes with tears are dim,
Give us grace to bear our sorrow,
All is well we know with him.
Leave us not till in thy presence,
Our united voices sing
"Thanks to Jesus! thanks to Jesus!"
Praise and glory to our King.

M. A. B.

During my boyhood [writes a Western contributor] there lived in Virginia a Baptist preacher, named B—. Though uneducated he was a sound thinker and eloquent speaker, and no minister had a more devoted flock. It was the custom during the inclement season to hold meetings at the residences of members, and once or twice during the winter at the house of the preacher. For many years it was observed that B—neither preached nor conducted the meetings when held at his house, but secured the services of some neighboring minister. He was often pressed for an explanation without success; but finally, in response to the importunities of some of his flock, gave the following:

"When I was much younger than now—in fact, not long after the commencement of my ministrations—I held a meeting at my own house. It being customary for many of the congregation to remain for dinner, Mrs. B—sent our negro boy, Tim, to neighbor Paul's for some butter. Tim returned and located himself, standing on one foot at a time, in the outskirts of the congregation. Being well warmed up in my sermon, thinking neither of Tim nor his errand, but only of the most successful mode of pressing upon my hearers one of my strongest arguments, I demanded with all the energy in my power: "And what did Paul say?" Tim, at the top of his little, squeaking voice, exclaimed, as Tim only could have done: "He thed you couldn't git any more butter till you paid up for what you'd got!" This brought down the house, and cut short one of the finest efforts of my early ministry. Since then I have kept my preaching disconnected from my domestic affairs."

Sylvester Cortex Morgan, a deaf mute was murdered by bushwhackers. His body was found in a bush by a road near Leavenworth, Kansas. He was shot in his breast through the heart.

He was educated at Columbus, Ohio and also at Delavan, Wisconsin. He was on his way home at Owatonna, Minnesota. He was about 33 years old and was unmarried.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All communications for the GAZETTE, and all subscriptions should be sent to PHILLO W. PACKARD, Editor and Proprietor. A list of our duly authorized agents can be found on our first page. We shall not be responsible for money sent to any other than ourselves or our agents, whose names we shall announce in our columns from time to time for the information of our subscribers.